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THE STRUGGLES OF PETER HOOLEY.*

PART I.

HOW HE STRUGGLES WITH POVERTY.

It was at the close of a short and bitter winter's day, that a squalid-looking and thinly-clad man knocked gently at the door of a decent house on the outskirts of a secluded village. The summons was unanswered. After waiting a considerable time, during which he cowered close to the door-cheek, to try to shelter himself from the bitter wind, he ventured to repeat the knock, and soon heard the shuffling of feet along the lobby. The door was not opened, however; some bolts were withdrawn, and it still remained fastened by a chain, when the latch was just removed, and a voice, in no very agreeable accents, asked, "Who's there?"

"Let me in, for God's sake, Sally," said the man; "I'm perished with cold, and well nigh famished."

"Thou'st come the wrong gate to mend thyself, man; but come in."

The door was opened, and Peter Hooley, for such was the man's name, groped his way along the pitch-dark passage towards the kitchen, but suddenly stumbled against some obstacle, and fell forward on it.

"Oh," said Sally, "wait while I bring the light."

She made her way to the kitchen, which was on the ground floor, at the farther end of the lobby, and shortly returned, bearing, in a broken tin candlestick, an inch or two of rushlight, which, from the current of air along the passage, she was obliged to shade so closely with her hand, that its dim and flickering light was scarcely perceptible. When they got to the kitchen, there was a sparkle of dull fire glimmering at the bottom of the grate, and the starved pedestrian sat down on the floor, and placed his frozen hands almost on the bars.

"Have ye not a bit o' turf, Sally?"

"Not a mite: the mistress gave me out what she said must serve me, and that's the last o't."

"Where is she?"

"Gone to Barnleigh for her money; it's quarter-day."

"She's out late."

"Ay. The garden crop's not turned out well this year, so she said she couldn't afford a chaise as usual, and she's gone i' Mrs Foy's market-cart. She'll not be at home this half hour yet."

"Sally, have you a crust o' bread? I'm sadly hungered."

"Bread, did you say? why, I couldn't get at a bit o' bread if your life depended on it. Mistress always locks it up."

"What! from you?"

"Ay, from me."

"She keeps you pretty close, I daresay."

"I'll tell you what, man, I'd half a red herring for my dinner."

"And what had the mistress?"

"Oh, the same, the same: I must say that for her, she fares the same. I' th' summer, we've beans out o' th' garden, and a mite o' drippin' wi' em; and i' winter weather like this, we've potatoes and a red herring every day, and mistress cuts it fair i' half."

"And does she never have no better?"

"Scarce ever. The neighbours are often sending her nice bits, whyfor, I know not, except they're a' lookin' to her money; but, bless you, she's hardly heart to eat 'em, though they cost her nought."

The conversation was here interrupted by the creaking of cart-wheels, which presently stopped, and two or three rude and heavy knocks at the door announced the arrival of the mistress, Miss Bridget Maclaren.

Sally quickly piloted her way through the dark passage; and Peter, more dubiously, followed. With his help, and not without some difficulty, Miss Maclaren was lifted from the bottom of the cart, where she lay on a mattress, and brought into the house. She was an elderly person, tall, and strongly limbed, with a shrewd intelligent countenance. Her joints were distorted with the severe rheumatism to which she had for years been subject, and her usual stiffness and helplessness was now increased almost to paralysis by the intense cold. She was placed in an arm-chair on the hearth, and then Mrs Foy told Sally to light a candle, as she wanted her own lantern.

"I haven't a scrap," said Sally.

"Not a scrap!" said her mistress; "why, Sally, I left you a piece."

"Yes, ma'am, but it's burnt long since."

"And what need had you, Sally, to burn candle when I was out! It is such wasteful work."

"Here, wench, keep the lantern a while: I're another i' th' cart. And now, hast ou no fire nor tea for the mistress? She's right cold, I'll promise ye."

"I know not how I am to get fire and tea," said Sally, sulkily; "there's water i' th' kettle, but it's no abune milk-warm yet, though it's been on an hour."

"Well, come along with me, and ye'se have my kettle; I'll warrant it boiling long syne. Well, deliver me from riches, say I, if this is the comfort they bring."

Owing to Mrs Foy's friendly help, Miss Maclaren was soon seated at tea, which she poured from a broken spouted black earthenware tea-pot into a cup minus a handle, which reposed on a saucer of a different pattern. A piece of stale loaf, and a little dirty-looking rancid butter, graced the board, which was illumined by a fresh piece of rushlight.

Revived and invigorated by these creature comforts, Miss Maclaren was able to take her visitor to task:—

"And what has brought you all this way from your wife and family, Peter?"

"We are very ill off, ma'am, and I came to see if you would give us a little help."

"You have left your work to very little purpose, then," said she, sharply.

"I had no work to leave, ma'am."

"Worse still; people may always have work if they're so disposed."

"Indeed, ma'am, I'd be very thankful to work; but times are so bad, there's very little weaving given out, and I can only have a piece in my turn; and we're all but starved."

"Humph! some people think they're starving if they're not rioting in luxury."

"I don't know, ma'am, exactly what you mean; but, as I hope to be saved, nothing has passed my lips this day but a draught of buttermilk, which a farmer's wife gave me."

"And a good wholesome drink it is; but, however, if you are hungry—Sally, give him the plate of minced veal which Mrs Collins sent to me the other day; here's the key."

"Why, ma'am," muttered Sally, as she took the key, "I doubt whether even he can eat it now."

And for a moment the famished wretch did start with loathing from the ill-savoured mess which was handed to him; but hunger conquered, and he cleared the plate. Even the miser seemed struck with the avidity with which he devoured the mouldy victuals, and with a trembling hand she cut him the crust off

the loaf on her table: he thanked her humbly, and it soon disappeared.

He then ventured, with much humility and earnestness, to implore a little pecuniary aid to redeem him from his present distress. Work had been so scarce for some time, that it was all he could do to put food into his children's mouths, without attempting to lay by for his rent, which was eighteenpence a-week. This had gone on from week to week, till now his landlord would trust him no longer. They had already pawned or sold every article they could part with for food, and they had no means of paying their landlord, unless Miss Maclaren would help them.

"I cannot afford it, Peter; I cannot afford it. You see now the folly of being married."

"It's over late to think of that now, ma'am; I've been married twelve year, and never wished it undone yet."

"Then you must take the consequences, and go to the workhouse."

"That's it, ma'am," said he, starting up; "that's it; I thought you'd save your own flesh and blood from that disgrace."

"It's no disgrace to me, Peter; nobody can answer for all their relations. I have been prudent and careful myself, and it is no reflection on me if you have been otherwise. It seems to me the best thing you can do; your wife and children will be taken care of at any rate."

"Yes, but they'll be taken away from me; I shan't see them; I shan't have them. I'd live on bread and water, and work my fingers to the very bone, and think it all right, if so be I could look at their bonny faces, and not see them starving too."

"This is all very fine to talk about; but you've brought yourself to this pass, and must get out of it as ye can. I cannot afford to pay your rent. Here's half-a-crown for you, and it's more than I ought to give you, for it's more than I can afford."

And certain it is that Sally turned in amazement at her mistress's unwonted generosity.

With a heavy heart, the disappointed Peter Hooley took his leave, and Miss Maclaren having given the usual modicum of stale bread and bad butter, and discoloured water, miscalled tea, to her servant, addressed herself to the agreeable and oft-repeated task of counting her banker's book, fostering her eyes with peculiar delight on the newly-entered figures. She then carefully took a certain well-worn parchment from a certain well-known corner of her handsome but antiquated-looking mahogany escritoire, and unfolding it, read it over for the thousandth time with unabated interest. It was the inventory of her silver plate, of which, by bequests and other means, she had amassed a large quantity, and which had now been for several years in the custody of her banker. She carefully replaced these papers in their accustomed corner, locked her escritoire, watched her servant take out the remnant of fire from the grate, gave her out a modicum of wood wherewith to relight it in the morning, and then, by her assistance, got up stairs, was undressed, and put to bed.

But not to sleep. The unaccustomed journey on a cold day, in an exposed and open cart, had a serious effect on her frame; it produced an accession of her accustomed rheumatism, which thrilled through all her joints, and she tossed and tumbled the whole night in agonising pain.

The night was cold, bitter cold, and windy, and Peter Hooley pressed forward with what heart he could muster, for he had several miles to walk. By and by, however, a shower of sleet and snow began to fall, mingled with hail, which was driven with such force

* We have here much pleasure in presenting a contribution by Mrs Stone, authoress of an ingenious volume, the *Art of Needlework* (usually advertised as edited by the Countess of Wilton), and of the recently published novel, entitled *The Cotton Lord*.

against him by the wind, that it cut his face like the prick of needles. Miserable alike in body and in spirit, and only half clad, the poor fellow could brave it no longer, and eager as he was to get to his expecting wife, and to the wretched cellar, which, now that it could be his home no longer, seemed almost a palace to him; still he was fain to give way beneath the biting and bitter blast, and turned aside to a cluster of haystacks, hoping to find a sheltered nook amidst them. In this he was not disappointed. One was half cut away, so as to leave a sort of angle perfectly sheltered from the quarter in which the wind and snow were driving; but a traveller had been beforehand with him, and was there, apparently asleep. Peter, however, noiselessly nestled near him on some loose hay. His companion was a well-dressed young man; but Peter took little note of his appearance, for his mind was filled with other things. His eye, however, was caught by the glister of a bunch of gold seals. He started, and why, he could hardly tell; he looked again and again, and leaned down to examine them more closely. Then stooping lower, and holding his breath, he drew his hand gently, softly, over the person of the sleeper, and there—yes, he could not be mistaken—there was a purse in the trouser pocket. He looked again on the youth who slept sound as a rock; he looked fearfully round; not an eye beheld him; he shook from head to foot; he gasped for breath; but he gently put his hand into the pocket, and drew out the purse. It was heavy; he had it in his hand, and still the sleeper moved not—stirred not. Peter grasped the treasure hard, his teeth were set, and the sweat burst out in large beads on his brow. Once more he looked slowly and fearfully round, cowering, as it were, over the purse; but he saw no one. He attempted to get up, but some power seemed to hold him down; and as he slowly again raised his head toward the sky, he saw the dark cloud breaking, and a single star faintly glimmering in the blue depths beneath. That star he knew was over his own cabin; he and his wife had looked at it many a time on closing the door for the night. He started to his feet, and in his agony of feeling, shouting aloud, "God have mercy upon me," he flung the purse on the ground, and darting off at his utmost speed, he relaxed not his pace till he found himself at the door of his own cellar.

Dismal was the greeting between him and his poor wife, and agonising were the tears she shed; for, despite of her long knowledge of Miss Maclaren's character, she had clung to the hope of help from her in this strait. And thus they sat, cold, supperless, and unhappy, brooding over to-day's disappointment and the morning's anticipated sorrow, when he recurred to his walk home, and his adventure amongst the haystacks. Betty listened with attention, but that soon deepened to the most intense interest; and as he told of examining the watch seals, and feeling for the purse, a deep colour flushed her face, and she fixed her eye, now bright and tearless, intently upon him.

"An' ye took the purse, Peter?" asked she, in a fearful whisper.

"Oh, Betty, surely the evil one himself was at my elbow, then, to tempt me."

"An' ye *did* tak it, then?" shrieked she, starting up. "Woman! woman! no! The thought o' you an' our babbies cam ower me, an' I put it back."

"An' ye're sure ye havena got it?"

"Not one halfpenny o't, Betty."

"Then, thank God yet," said the true-hearted woman; "an' for the rest, Peter, we'll bear it, let it be what it may."

So they went to bed, the bed that was to be dis-trained to-morrow for rent. The man slept sound almost directly, as men can and do under any circumstances; but the woman lay long awake, though she smothered her sobs for fear of shaking or disturbing the four youngest children, who were huddled on the same bed with their father and mother. At length, nature did its gracious best by her, and she slept also. Unconscious of to-day's toil, or to-morrow's sorrow, free from care, unknowing of pain, the father and mother, and seven children, clustered in one damp cellar, forgot all deprivation in sound, healthy, and refreshing sleep. If they awakened in the morning to trouble, they awakened also with invigorated bodies and renewed spirits.

Not so Miss Maclaren. Scarcely had the morning begun to dawn, when she called to her grumbling and unwilling servant to procure her the refreshment which, indeed, she sorely needed, and yet which even now consisted only in weak black tea of the coarsest quality. And even this meal, slight as it was, lost all relish to Miss Maclaren, from her own inability to superintend, personally, the preparation of it, and her fear lest her servant should waste an atom of fuel or a crumb of bread. Medical advice she would have none, for she could not afford it; and, besides, she knew by experience, she said, that flannel and patience were the only cures for rheumatism; and therefore it would be merely suffering her pocket to be picked in

a genteel way if she called in a doctor. Miss Maclaren had much bodily fortitude; she bore pain well. Her chief misery, during her constrained confinement, was from the idea of the pecuniations of her servant; and her condition was not assuaged by the intelligence of the death of her only brother, to whose well-saved property she became the sole heir. This accumulation of money seemed only to increase her cares, and she became more penurious than ever. Her maid perpetually threatened to leave her, and was as perpetually lured to remain by trifling bribes, which, however, became more frequent and more valuable, as she felt her increasing consequence to her mistress, who had become almost helpless with rheumatism. Writing or working were of course out of the question, her fingers were so disabled; and she could not see to read. Sally could not read to her, neither would Miss Maclaren have a person who could, lest her own bank-book and inventories should be looked on with unhallowed eyes. She never used her parlour in winter, because even she could not do without a morsel of fire, and she could not afford the expense of two, so she sat in the kitchen with her maid. How she beguiled the time it was not easy to say; but time did pass.

It was passing rapidly with her kinsman, Peter Hooley. On the morning succeeding that night, the occurrences of which have been described, Peter and his wife did not rise very early, for they had neither fire nor candle, nor had they work to do. They therefore lay still till the broad daylight gleamed in at the chinks of their cellar door, and the children began to stir. But they had been long awake, and had had serious and sad communings together. Their debt to their landlord amounted to seventeen shillings, and they likewise owed fifteenpence at the shop. If they had hoped that, by offering the half-crown Miss Maclaren had given them to their landlord, they could have obtained a little further grace from him, they would have taken it to him at once, and fearlessly braved the starvation of the day; but they knew this would be of no avail. They therefore resolved, that for the last time they would have the luxury of a warm and wholesome meal together. So, while Betty and her eldest daughter dressed the children, and put the cellar "a bit to rights," Peter proceeded to the shop, paid his debt, and returned home laden with three-penny worth of fuel, and sixpenny worth of oatmeal, and with yet a few pence in his pocket. A mess of hot stir-about was soon smoking on the old deal chest which usually contained the family wardrobe, and which now served for a table; and the happy children crowded round it, while the father and mother kept filling the mouths by turns with the only two spoons they possessed; and if, despite herself, the woman's tears did every now and then mingle with the porridge, the delighted youngsters saw them not. But all delights must have an end, even that, the intensity of which the famishing only can know, and the satisfied children one by one withdrew themselves from the board, and the mother put the remnants by to serve for supper, if, by any happy chance, they might sup all together again. And seating themselves on the chest which had served as table, with their children playing about them, Peter and his wife waited, with what philosophy they might, for the great event of the day.

It could not now be far off, for it was past eleven, and by noon the landlord was to be expected on his final errand; and Betty started and trembled, and caught hold of her husband's arm, for her quick ear caught the sound of voices and feet approaching their door. She was not mistaken: people drew near, stopped a moment in conversation, and finally knocked. Peter and Betty both started to their feet, but could neither of them muster voice to speak; when the knock was repeated, and the door immediately opened from without, and there entered, not the dreaded landlord and his myrmidons, but two gentlemen, one of them a young one, in whom Peter recognised, with a thrill of terror, him whose purse he had taken the night before.

"Is your name," said this gentleman, "Peter Hooley?"

"Yes," gasped Peter, trembling from head to foot.

"You robbed me of my purse last night."

Peter was ghastly pale, but did not speak.

"You took my purse, I say," repeated the young man.

"No, no, no," shrieked his wife.

Betty, though a woman who was at all times governed more by feeling than judgment, was shocked at the fearful charge thus made against her unhappy husband; while the children, seeing something was wrong, clung to her, and began to cry.

"Calm yourself, my good woman," said the elder gentleman; "my son saw your husband take his purse in a moment of temptation, but he also saw him conquer the temptation, and throw down the purse; I have it now."

Betty burst into tears, and clasping her youngest child close to her breast, sat down on the side of the bed.

"Now, Peter, tell me what drove you to this act?"

"Desperation and starvation, Sir," said Peter, who was recovering his voice; "if I don't pay my rent to-day, we go to the workhouse, and I have not a friend in the wide world."

"Yes, you have. You were, I must say, strongly tempted, but you strove manfully against it. My son assures me of this, for he had fallen only into a momentary dose from the fatigue of a long walk, and your exclamation awakened him, though he did not

stir. Now, only observe the misery and disgrace from which you have been saved. My son followed you a part of the way, and learned who you were from a person whom he met. But of all this you knew nothing. Pray, let me know how much is this debt for rent?"

"Seventeen shillings, Sir."

"And what else do you owe?"

"Not a penny in the wide world."

"That's well; that looks well. Now, Peter, here are two sovereigns; take one and pay your rent, the other will provide your family with food and fire till you hear from me again, which you shall do before long."

Peter could not speak, nor did the gentleman seem to require it; he and his son were gone instantly.

Several days passed on, and the rescued family were still living happily and hopefully on the stranger's bounty, when he came again, accompanied by another gentleman, who had the appearance of a clergyman. There were no pallid faces, no tears, no alarms now. With bright and smiling faces, Peter and Betty rose to welcome their benefactor.

"So, so," said the gentleman, "this is as it should be. I have brought Mr. Heartly, Peter, the clergyman of Y—, who wishes to have some talk with you."

Betty looked about, but there was not a chair to offer the gentlemen. They saw her embarrassment, and soon relieved it; one sat down on the side of the bed, and the other enthroned himself on the table, deal chest, or wardrobe.

"I have been making inquiries about you, Peter," said Mr. Heartly, the clergyman; "and it is but fair to tell you, that I have heard an excellent character of you."

"I defy any one to say a word agen him," interrupted Betty. Her husband pulled her gown, to silence her.

"But I want some further information from yourself. You can read and write, I hear, and?"

"Ay, that he can; and reckon as quick as the book-keeper at the mill. He's taught all the children, and?"

"Whisht, woman, whisht," interrupted Peter, angrily.

"I wunna whisht, Peter; ye wull na' speak a word for thyself, I know; and why should not the gentlemen know what ye really are?"

Both gentlemen laughed, but Mr. Heartly begged Betty to be quiet, assuring her that he would make her husband speak for himself.

"You have taught your children, then, to read and write?"

"Yes, Sir, such of them as are big enough."

"I should like to examine them myself."

Some tattered remnants of initiatory books were produced, but Betty could not help intimating that the two eldest could read in the Bible. The Bible was produced, but we shall not accompany the gentlemen through their examinations; we have only to do with the result. It was the offer to Peter of the mastership of the district school in Mr. Heartly's village; the salary was forty pounds a year, and there was a small cottage attached to the school for the master's residence. The present master was leaving, having obtained a better situation; but he would initiate the new comer into his routine of duties before he himself left.

"Well, as that matter is settled," said Mr. Orwell, when Peter and his wife had tried to express their joy and thankfulness, "I have a word to say to you, Mrs. Hooley. This tidy girl, your eldest, what do you mean to make of her?"

"Anything, Sir, that is useful and proper."

"Very well; my wife wants a girl who has been honestly brought up, to assist the nursery maid, who has too much to do; what say you to it?"

"Sir, I should be very proud and very thankful."

"Then let her come to-morrow for a month on trial. Her clothes look in bad condition—but never mind that—we'll see to that. Can she sew?"

"A little, Sir."

"Her mother's beautiful at her needle, Sir," said Peter.

"Is she? She will have no difficulty in obtaining needlework in our village."

And in their new home they were shortly afterwards settled. Peter had enough to do through the day, but the evenings were his own. These he generally passed with his family; in summer, occasionally he rambled with them in the fields, flying their kites, and joining in their romps; but more frequently he worked in his own little garden, where the bigger ones soon learnt to be useful to him.

But in winter, about the time when Miss Maclaren would be gone to bed, to save fire and candle, and the necessity for supper, then Betty Hooley, having put her younger children to bed, would draw the checked curtain close over the window, would stir up the brisk and cheerful fire, would place a pan of potatoes on the bar to prepare for supper, would light a thicker candle than was allowed for ordinary purposes, and would address herself industriously to her needlework; while her husband sat by the fire, and the elder children clustered round. And sometimes they read aloud, and sometimes they talked, and sometimes they were too happy to do either; and more especially was this the case when the wind howled round the little tenement, and the hail beat against the window, for then memory, unbidden, would recur to the night of Peter's last

visit to Miss MacLaren, and he would say, "Oh, Betty, woman, but it was a blessing of Providence that her heart was steeled against us that day."

"Ay, Peter, but was it not a still greater blessing that you resisted the temptation that was put before you on the way home! That was lucky, indeed, for I reckon it to have been the beginning of all our comforts."

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

RIPPLE-MARKS AND TRACKS OF ANIMALS ON ROCK-SURFACES.

GEOLOGY may in part be studied as one walks the streets. In many of our cities—we can, from personal observation, particularly instance Manchester and Edinburgh—amidst the slabs composing the foot pavement, are to be found some which present a ridgy or wavy surface. Sometimes this is a good deal obliterated, or even worn quite off; but still there generally remain certain shadings in the stone, which indicate its having originally been ridgy. Hundreds pass over these stones without observing anything particular about them, and many who observe the peculiarity do not give themselves the trouble of considering whether it be of any importance, or what may have been its cause. It is, in reality, a natural hieroglyphic, telling a most wonderful circumstance in the history of our earth. These slabs have all been dug from quarries of sandstone, of one of the kinds which split or break off in thinish layers. Such quarries generally are profound pits, out of which vast quantities of slabs have been dug, each being, as it were, peeled off the surface of that beneath it, like leaves successively torn out of a book lying upon one side. Yet still, go as deep as you please, you here and there find extensive surfaces of the rock marked in that ridgy or wavy manner. They are so marked, let us repeat, notwithstanding that such large quantities of slabs have, till the time of quarrying, lain above them. It is only when surfaces of some extent are found thus marked, that an ordinary observer is likely to perceive the resemblance which they bear to an appearance often observed upon a sandy beach after the ebb of the tide; namely, a far-spread wrinkling or waviness in the sand, somewhat like a ripple on the surface of the sea itself. Such inequalities are found to extend over many square miles of beach in Devonshire, Lancashire, and indeed wherever the coast is composed of a gently-sloping surface of sand. They are washed out again by each successive tide, and renewed once more if the sea has receded tranquilly, being, in fact, produced "by an oscillatory motion of the lower stratum of water in contact with the sandy bottom, as communicated to it from the superficial waves." They are easily imitated, by agitating to and fro a vessel of water, with a flat bottom on which sand has been strewed.

The ridgings of the slab-surfaces resemble those of the sandy beaches left exposed at low water; but is there anything in this resemblance beyond mere accident or coincidence! Those who have not gone through the steps by which the fact is ascertained, will be surprised to learn, that the resemblance is that of identical things. The slab-surfaces were all at one time sandy bottoms of seas, and their ridgings were as certainly made by the oscillations of those seas as the ripple-marks on the shores of Morecambe Bay, or upon Leith Sands, were made by the last fall of the tide. It matters not that the quarries are found in the centre of the country, a hundred miles from any existing sea, or that they are, or have been, covered over by piles of sandstone hundreds of feet in thickness. The earth has undergone many changes, and amongst these not the least remarkable have been changes of level in its crust, so that there is no part of its surface which has not been alternately sea and land. The rock, therefore, from which the slabs are taken, is nothing but a pile of successive layers of sand laid down by the sea, indurated into stone by heat and pressure, and ultimately heaved up into their present situation by a force from below. The immediate hardening of each surface, so far as to resist the obliterating power of the next tide, is not easily accounted for, if we are to suppose tides like those which now exist; but perhaps this supposition is not necessary in the case. A tranquil subsidence of the sea at less frequent intervals might be produced by other causes. Anyhow, the geologist, knowing what he does, cannot doubt that the markings upon the stones are ripple-marks, wherever he may find the stones now placed. They are often seen in situations where the sea, and all connected with it, is shut out from the thoughts of the observer. We remember, in a rural excursion in Lanarkshire, while bent on exploring the ruins of the ancient castle of the Hamiltons at Craig Nethan, finding in the rocky channel of the stream below, amidst a wilderness of wild shrubs, platforms of sandstone of the carboniferous formation, jutting out from the precipices, and played over by the glancing rivulet, which were entirely covered over with these infallible marks of the spot having once been the shore of some still sea of the primitive world. In the quarries of the oolite rock (more recent than the carboniferous sandstone), scattered over a broad band of country between Bradford in Wilts and Tetbury in Gloucestershire, these surfaces are found in

such circumstances as to argue their being miles in extent. In that district, the mark is seen chiefly where the rock is in very thin layers (*laminae*), but not unfrequently on the surface of slabs eight or ten inches in thickness. "It affects indifferently those which contain a large proportion of clay, those which are highly calcareous and crystalline, and others in which sand and oolitic grains, or minute fragments of shells, predominate." Generally, the rippled surfaces are covered by a thin seam of clay, which, we may suppose, helped to preserve them; and it is worthy of remark, that the superincumbent seam, or bed, is always marked below by a perfect cast of the mark in all its minutiae. In some instances, the surfaces of this oolite formation present double systems of markings, the one crossing the other; a result, probably, of changes occurring in the undulatory movement of the water by a shift in the direction of the wind.

These curious tablets of memorial of a former condition of the earth's surface, bear, in some instances, what we may call *additional inscriptions*, the work of certain animals. On the surface of slabs both of the calcareous grit and Stonesfield slate, near Oxford, and on sandstones of the Wealden formation in Sussex and Dorsetshire, Dr Buckland has found "perfectly preserved and petrified castings of marine worms, at the upper extremity of holes bored by them in the sand, while it was yet soft at the bottom of the water, and, within the sandstones, traces of tubular holes in which the worms resided." Man did not exist to impress with his foot those early beaches; but there were other animals to walk over them, and, as might have been anticipated, foot-prints of some of these have been found on the surfaces of various rocks of the formations already referred to. In the lower part of Dumfriesshire, there are extensive beds of the *new red sandstone*, which are worked in various parts of the country. At the quarry of Corneockle Muir, near Lochmaben, the surfaces of successive layers, or slabs, of this rock were observed many years ago to bear marks as of the feet of animals; but the phenomenon was disregarded till, in 1827, Dr Duncan, minister of Ruthwell, presented an accurate account of it to the Royal Society of Edinburgh. It appears that the beds in that quarry dip or incline at an angle of thirty-eight degrees, a slope greater than that of any ordinary hill. Slab after slab has been taken away to a depth of forty-five feet; but one after another (though not in all instances) has been found marked by the tracks of animals, up and down the slope. These impressions are generally about half an inch in depth, and the matter of the rock is raised round them, exactly as clay or mud is seen raised round a foot-print of yesterday. The observer clearly traces the double track made by an animal which has two legs at each side, the hind foot, of course, approaching near to the fore one. The prints are about two inches in width, and present the appearance of five claws, of which the three in front are the most distinct. It is worthy of remark, that the fore-feet give the deepest impressions, as if the animal had been heaviest in that quarter, and this in the ascending, as well as the descending tracks. In one case, where the dip of the exposed surface is at an angle of forty degrees, there are clear evidences of the foot-marks having been made upon a surface very steep at the time of the impression, for the animal appears to have put forward its fore-feet cautiously, and inserted them deeply and firmly; while the marks of the hind-feet are comparatively slight, and indeed scarcely perceptible. Generally, however, there is a small rise of the substance of the rock either in front of or behind the prints, according as the tracks are descending or ascending, showing that the surface sloped more or less in its present direction at the time when the impressions were made. Dr Buckland conceived it likely that the marks had been impressed by animals allied to the land-tortoises of the present day; and, on setting such an animal to walk up and down slopes of soft sand, clay, and unbaked pyro-crust, he found the footsteps to be remarkably like those of the Corneockle quarry. He makes the following just remark upon the experiment in his *Bridge-water Treatise*:—"This evidence of footsteps is one which all mankind appeal to in every condition of society. The thief is identified by the impression which his shoe has left near the scene of his depredations. Captain Parry found the tracks of human feet upon the banks of the stream in Possession Bay, which appeared so fresh, that he at first imagined them to have been recently made by some natives: on examination, they were distinctly ascertained to be the marks of the shoes of some of his own crew, eleven months before. The frozen condition of the soil had prevented their obliteration. The American savage not only identifies the elk and bison by the impression of their hoofs, but ascertains also the time that has elapsed since each animal had passed. From the camel's track upon the sand, the Arab can determine whether it was heavily or lightly laden, or whether it was lame." It is remarkable that none of the series of foot-marks at Corneockle are across the slab; all are nearly straight up and down. This is exactly what would happen upon a sloping sea bottom or beach, which the animals had occasion to traverse in one direction only, backwards or forwards. Specimens of the Corneockle slabs have been deposited with the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

Since these curious facts were made public, foot-marks of animals have been traced upon rock-surfaces in various parts of the world. Mr Poulett Scrope found his rippled surfaces to be marked with numerous tracks of small animals (apparently crustaceous), which had traversed the sand when it was in a soft state. These tracks are in double lines, parallel to each other, showing two indentations, as if formed by small claws, and sometimes traces of a third claw. There is often, also, a third line of tracks between the other two, as if produced by the tail or stomach of the animal touching the ground; and where the animal passed over the ridges of the ripple-markings on the sand, they are flattened and brushed down. More recently, some fossil footsteps of a much more striking character have been found in the quarries at Hessberg, near Hildburghausen, in Saxony, upon the upper surfaces of beds of grey quartzose sandstone; in alternation with which, it may be remarked, there are beds of red sandstone nearly about the same age with those of Dumfriesshire. The vestiges of four different animals have been made out. One has been apparently a small web-footed animal, probably allied to the crocodile. The footprint of another bears a striking though grotesque resemblance to the human hand, from which the supposed animal itself has been named the *Chelerothium*. A specimen on a slab which has been placed in the British Museum, is fully the size of a human hand, the only remarkable difference being in the comparative thickness of the fingers, and the absence of the appearance of joints. The fore-feet are less by one half than the hind-feet, before which they are always advanced about an inch and a half, an interval of fourteen inches being between each pair. Professor Kaup conjectures that this animal has belonged to the marsupial family, the oldest, it is supposed, of the families of land quadrupeds, and a link connecting these with reptiles. It is worthy of notice, that the kangaroo, a well-known specimen of this tribe, has a great disproportion between the size of the fore and hind-feet.

In the New Red Sandstone in the valley of Connecticut, there have been laid bare in quarries, along a considerable tract of country, surfaces presenting foot-prints of many various species of birds, apparently belonging to the order *Grallae*, or Waders. The discovery is remarkable on more accounts than one, as it gives evidence, for the first time, of the existence of birds at that early period of the earth's history. "The footsteps appear in regular succession, on the continuous track of an animal in the act of walking or running, with the right and left foot always in their relative places. The distance of the intervals between each footprint on the same track is occasionally varied, but to no greater amount than may be explained by the bird having altered its pace. Many tracks of different individuals and different species are often found crossing each other, and crowded, like impressions of feet upon the shores of a muddy stream, where ducks and geese resort." The smallest of these prints indicates an animal with a foot about an inch long, and a step of from three to five inches; but they vary upwards in size, till they reach something which may well be regarded as gigantic. Let it be remembered, that the African ostrich, which weighs a hundred pounds, and is nine feet high, has a foot of ten inches, and a leg four feet long. It is the most stupendous of existing birds. But the largest of the foot-prints in the Connecticut sandstone being fifteen inches in length, exclusive of the largest claw, which measures two inches, and the steps being from four to six feet apart, denote a considerably larger bird, the legs of which, probably, were not less than seven feet in height. This has well been styled the *Ornithichneutes Giganteus*. Another, ranking next to the above in size, exhibits "three toes of a more slender character, measuring from fifteen to sixteen inches long, exclusive of a remarkable appendage extending backwards from the heel eight or nine inches, and apparently intended, like a snow shoe, to sustain the weight of a heavy animal walking on a soft bottom. The impressions of this appendage resemble those of wiry feathers, or coarse bristles, which seem to have sunk into the mud and sand nearly an inch deep; the toes had sunk much deeper, and round their impressions the mud was raised into a ridge several inches high, like that round the track of an elephant in clay. The length of the step of this bird appears to have been sometimes six feet."

That in all these instances the marks are really vestiges of animals which lived on earth long before man, there can be no doubt whatever; but we still need facts to make the whole subject clear, particularly as to the circumstances under which the successive layers were impressed one above another. Perhaps we have some light from an account which has been given of a peculiar formation occurring on the shores of the island of Anegada, one of the group called the Virgin Islands, in the West Indies. Not having access to the original document, we borrow from a small book which has fallen into our hands. "The beach of Anegada is found in many places to be coated with a grey siliceous and calcareous substance, apparently deposited by the waves, which, as the tide retires, hardens, and slowly assists in increasing the size of the island. In some parts of the interior of the island (but where, perhaps, at no very remote period, the waters deposed

* We here use the explanation, given by Mr Poulett Scrope, in a paper in the Journal of the Royal Institution: 1821.

† *Bridge-water Treatise*, i., 208.
‡ Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, xi., 188.

* Buckland, quoting an article by Professor Hitchcock, in the American Journal of Science and Arts: 1838.

sited this peculiar substance), the impressions of birds' claws and of human feet are distinctly visible: the latter from the outward turn of the toes, are supposed to be those of the Indians, who inhabited the neighbouring coasts. These impressions are not of very recent formation, for they have existed beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant of the island, and in some places grass has grown over them; but they are highly interesting, as proving to the student in geology that such impressions, frail and perishable as they usually appear, may, under some circumstances, become permanent. And if these footsteps have been preserved for fifty or a hundred years, we may as well suppose these in the Red Sandstone to have remained unchanged for untold ages.*

We may remark, in conclusion, how well these detections of the presence of early animals correspond with the other facts of geology. We have an evidence now familiar to us as to the animals which existed at the time of the deposition of the New Red Sandstone beds, in the remains of them found imbedded in the rock. There were fishes and certain other marine animals, but no creatures walking on the land and breathing the atmosphere. If on these slabs we had found the mark of the hoof of one cow or horse, we should have been as much startled by it as Robinson Crusoe was by seeing the foot-print of an Indian on the beach of his lonely isle. But what are the creatures whose foot-prints we actually find? *Tortises*—an order of reptiles—other reptiles being already found in the very next series of strata above—namely, the Shell Limestone. *Gralia*—an order of birds, and the commencement of that class of the Vertebrata, but the very order that might have been expected to be created first, seeing that the earth then presented much swampy surface. *Marsupialia*, an order of mammals linking with the reptiles, and, of course, that which might have been expected to appear first on earth. In all this there is a harmony delightful to a scientific observer—delightful not only as confirming a beautiful system, but as reflecting light on the perfections of Creative Wisdom and Omnipotence.

EQUESTRIAN AMPHITHEATRES.

HOMER, in the fifteenth book of the *Iliad*, employs the following comparison, as rendered by Pope:—

"So when a horseman from the watery mead,
(Skill'd in the manege of the bounding steed),
Drives four fair coursers, practised to obey,
To some great city through the public way;
Safe in his art as side by side they run,
He shifts his seat, and vaults from one to one;
And now to this and now to that he flies,
Admiring numbers follow with their eyes."

In this passage, the old Greek poet gives a clear and correct description of an equestrian performance which modern times have seen revived as something entirely new. So long ago, it appears, as the sixth or seventh century before Christ—for such may be said to be the era of Homer—the feats of Mr Ducrow were in vogue in Greece. The education of horses for these singular purposes has been brought to the highest perfection at the Cirque Olympique (Olympic Circus) of Paris, and the Amphitheatre of London. To use the words of a French writer, "the stable of the *Messieurs Franconi* (proprietors of the Parisian establishment) is for quadrupeds what the Royal Academy of France is for learned men. It is the hot-bed of equine genius, the conservatory of the classic step, of the antique trot—the sanctuary of the brilliant gallop." Indeed, the Cirque Olympique latterly possessed the high honour of being a kind of government establishment. As the steeds of Astley's Amphitheatre are lent to the citizens of London on Lord Mayor's day, for the use of the men in armour who figure in the procession, so the French circus is charged with the supply of animals to princes and sovereigns during any great official solemnity. And these horses, like certain courtiers, have always been at the service of every possible dynasty or shade of political opinion. Thus, in 1814, at the temporary restoration of the Bourbons, a dapple-grey, called "La Noire," bore the future Charles X. (the Count d'Artois) on his entry into Paris, and afterwards the Duke of Berri and Angoulême. When Napoleon escaped from Elba, the same charger carried him on the 20th of the following March, at the time of his triumphant return to the city by torch-light. After the well-known "hundred days," this identical horse conveyed into Paris the princes of the Bourbon family, departing itself with the same pride and enthusiasm, as on former occasions.

Equestrian performers of the present day feel the effects of the march of intellect quite as much as others. Feats of horsemanship, which anciently excited the greatest admiration, now appear vulgar and commonplace; and it has become as difficult to acquire distinction in equestrianism as in literature. Formerly, a simple change of feet during full gallop, or an epigram, were sufficient to earn a high reputation for a horse or a poet; but now celebrity is only to be obtained by the aid of difficult dances on three legs, or by means of several thick volumes of prose and verse. On the other hand, could the wonders exhibited by Mr Ducrow in England, and by the *Franconis* in France, have been witnessed by our forefathers, their astonishment might have had a fatal

effect upon the prosperity of the equestrians, as may be inferred from the following anecdote of an event which took place in 1664:—

A Neapolitan, called Pietro, possessed a little horse, by whose docility and sagacity the master obtained a good livelihood. He called it *Mauracco*, and exhibited it without saddle or bridle, and with no rider to guide its motions. The diminutive animal would lie down, fall on its knees, bound, curvette, or, in short, do whatever its master desired. It would carry a glove or anything of the kind to any person pointed out in the crowd. In a word, it would perform all sorts of amusing tricks.

After having so profitably travelled over a great portion of Europe, as to have saved a sufficient fortune, the master made up his mind to retire; but in passing through Arles, he determined to make a last exhibition of his clever pony. The marvellous animal astonished the whole town, but the people carried their wonder to such a height, that they denounced both the horse and his master as sorcerers, and poor Pietro, with his faithful *Mauracco*, were burned as such in the public square of Arles.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THE life of Allan Cunningham, which terminated on the 29th October last, was a fine example of native talent and perseverance overcoming all obstacles, and undebased by any of the alloys which too often accompany their exertion. Our countrymen are sometimes charged with an undue and overweening nationality, and it must be admitted that we occasionally lay ourselves open to attacks on this score. Blood is warmer than water, as our homely proverb says, and the keen winds of our mountains seem to bind us closer together in amity and concord, that we may present a united but friendly front to the more populous and wealthy ranks of the Southron. We have cause, however, to be proud of many of our native authors. In historical composition, Scotland long bore off the palm; and in the wide realms of fiction, who but Shakspeare can compete with Scott? In science and philosophy, we have many eminent names. Jeffrey still lives to vindicate our right to stand at the head of modern criticism; and, above all, we may feel an honest pride in reflecting, that our country has produced a ploughman like Robert Burns, a shepherd like James Hogg, and a stone-mason like Allan Cunningham. Allan was born (December 7, 1784) at Blackwood, in Dumfriesshire, a beautifully situated mansion on the Nith, two or three miles from Ellisland, the farm soon after tenanted by Burns. His father, at the time of his birth, was gardener to Mr Copeland of Blackwood, but soon after, from his superior intelligence and abilities, was preferred to take a charge of the estate of Mr Millar of Dalwinton, the landlord of Burns, to which place the family was accordingly removed. Allan's recollection of his early days was remarkably vivid and distinct. Every incident—every scene and person—was impressed on his memory; and he used to delight in telling that, when about six years old, he heard Burns recite *Tam O'Shanter* to his father, while he stood by his knee, and looked up to the robust frame and animated eyes of the poet with childish wonderment and enthusiasm. He received the common education of the country, being merely taught to read and write, and cast accounts, without any tincture of classical or grammatical instruction. His father's family was numerous, and two of them, besides Allan, rose to some distinction. Thomas became foreman to Mr Rennie, the engineer, and was a man of great scientific talent, as well as a tolerable poet and songwriter. Peter is now a surgeon in the navy, and author of a work, "Two Years in New South Wales," which is still one of our best books on that country. From the humble home, thus honoured and endeared by the virtues and intelligence which prevailed under its roof, Allan went forth, when a boy, to learn the business of a stone-mason. He was an insatiable reader, and the summer mornings and winter nights were spent in poring over books. While yet a stripling, he tried his hand at versifying, but we are not aware that any specimens of his earliest productions have been preserved. An accidental event was soon, however, to call him into the field of print, though under somewhat extraordinary circumstances.

Mr R. H. Cromek, a London engraver, and an enthusiastic admirer of Burns's poetry, had devoted himself to the task of collecting unpublished remains of the Ayrshire bard, in the course of which he was led to Dumfriesshire. There he became acquainted with Allan Cunningham, who ventured to lay before him some of the liftings of his muse. Cromek regarded them with an indifference to which perhaps they were only justly entitled, but gladly availed himself of Mr Cunningham's services in gathering relics of Burns and of popular traditional poetry. In 1810, he published a volume, entitled, "*Remains of Nithdale and Galloway Song*," in the preface to which, after much rather turgid sentimentality about Scottish cottages and their tenants, he says—"To Mr Allan Cunningham, who, in the humble and laborious profession of a mason, has devoted his leisure hours to the cultivation of a genius naturally of the first order, I cannot sufficiently express my obligations. He entered into my design with the enthusiasm of a poet; and was my guide through the rural haunts of Nithdale and Galloway; where his variously interesting and ani-

mated conversation beguiled the tediousness of the toil; while his local knowledge, his refined taste, and his indefatigable industry, drew from obscurity many pieces which adorn this collection, and which, without his aid, would have eluded my research."

Let no London engraver ever again venture to collect Scottish poetry! The finest pieces in Mr Cromek's volume, to which he refers with the highest admiration as genuine relics of antiquity, were in reality compositions by Mr Cunningham himself, which, Chatterton-like, he had composed in imitation of the old manner, in order to gratify a taste which he thought prejudiced against what was acknowledgedly new, but which appeared ravenous for whatever was presumed old. There was a warmth and glow of the language in these pieces which might have warned the collector against the deception, for nothing could be further removed from the simplicity and directness of the genuine ancient ballad; but in his eagerness for relics of the eldern muse, he had overlooked all critical warnings. Apart from all consideration of the history of Mr Cunningham's ballads, they are exquisite effusions of a young and overflowing fancy. We transcribe one entitled "*Bonny Lady Ann*," with Mr Cromek's prefatory note:—

BONNIE LADY ANN.

[A fairer specimen of romantic Scottish love than is contained in this song, is rarely to be met with. It was first introduced to Nithdale and Galloway about thirty years ago, by a lady whose mind was deranged. She wandered from place to place, followed by some tame sheep. The old people describe her as an amiable and mild creature. She would lie all night under the shade of some particular tree, with her sheep around her. They were as the ewe-lamb in the Scripture parable; they lay in her bosom, ate of her bread, drank of her cup, and were unto her as daughters. Thus she wandered through part of England, and the low part of Scotland; esteemed, respected, pitied, and wept for by all! She was wont to sing this song unmoved, until she came to the last verse, and then she burst into tears. The old tree, under which she sat with her sheep, is now cut down. The schoolboys always paid a kind of religious respect to it. It never was the "doos," nor the "butt"; nor were the "outs and ins," nor the hard-fought game of "England and Scotland," ever played about it; but there, on fine Sabbath evenings, the old women sat down and read their Bibles; the young men and maidens learned their psalms, and then went home full of the meek and holy composure of religion.]

There's kames o' hinney 'tween my luv's lips,
An' gowd among her hair,
Her breasts are lapt in a hollie veil,
Nae mortal can keek 'tween.
What lips dare kiss, or what hand dare touch,
Or what arm o' luv dare span
The hinny lips, the creamy loof,
Or the waist o' Lady Ann!

She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red rose,
Wat wi' the blobs o' dew;
But nae gentle lip, nor simple lip,
Mann touch her Ladie mou.
But a broider'd belt wi' a buckle o' gowd,
Her jimp'y waist mann span,
O she's an armfu' fit for heaven,
My bonnie Ladie Ann!

Her bower easement is latticed wi' flowers,
Tied up wi' silver thread,
An' comely sits she in the midst,
Men's longing een to feed.
She waves the ringlets frae her cheek,
Wi' her milky, milky han',
An' her cheeks seem touch'd wi' the finger o' God,
My bonnie Ladie Ann!

The morning cloud is tassell'd wi' gowd,
Like my luv's broider'd cap,
An' on the mantle which my luv wears
Are monie a gowden drap.
Her bonnie eebree's a hollie arch
Cast by no earthly han',
An' the breath o' God's atween the lips
O' my bonnie Ladie Ann!

I am her father's gardener lad,
An' poor, poor is my fa';
My auld mither gets my wee, wee fee,
Wi' fatherless bairnies twa:
My Ladie comes, my Ladie goes
Wi' a fou and kindly han',
O the blessing o' God mann mix wi' my luv,
An' fa' on Ladie Ann!

Another, entitled "*Hame, Hame, Hame*," referring to the feelings of a Jacobite exile of the last century, was stated to be from Burns's *Commonplace-book*, "in the editor's possession," yet is understood to have also been the production of Cunningham.

HAME, HAME, HAME.

Hame, hame, hame, Hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame hame, to my ain countrie!
When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf is on the tree,
The larks shall sing me hame in my ain countrie;
Hame, hame hame, Hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The green leaf o' loyalty's begun for to fa',
The bonnie white rose it is withering an' a';
But I'll water't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
An' green it will grow in my ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame, Hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

O there's naught frae ruin my countrie can save,
But the keys o' kind heaven to open the grave,
That a' the noble martyrs wha died for loyalty,
May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame, Hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The great are now gane, a' wha ventured to save,
The new grass is springing on the tap o' their grave;
But the sun thro' the mirk, blinks blythe in my ee,
'Til shine on ye yet in yere ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame, Hame fain wad I be,
Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

* *Remains in Geology*, by Rodin M. Zornin: 1889.

* To peep, to take a stolen glance. † Stander. ‡ Lot, fate.

The morality of the whole transaction will be viewed differently: those disposed to take a severe view of it should consider at least the youth, circumstances, and temptations of the poet. Cunningham had long admired the tact of Burns in pouring his genius into the outlines of our rude lyrics. "He could glide," he said, "like dew into the fading bloom of departing song, and refresh it into beauty and fragrance." Admiration soon led, as in most young minds, to imitation, and Cromek supplied the enticement and the opportunity. In later years, Allan wrote several songs, but they were not pitched in a key to be popular; and only one, "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea," seems to be generally known or sung.

About the year 1810, Allan left his native county, led probably by some vague hopes of improving his fortune. He worked for a time in Edinburgh, where, we have been told, he hewed many of the stones which constitute one of the most beautiful places in a city of palaces—Charlotte Square. In time he reached London, abandoned his art, and commenced literary life in earnest, by obtaining an engagement in connexion with a newspaper called "The Day." The late hours and slavish labour of reporting were foreign to his taste and habits, and he left the press to become foreman to a sculptor named Budd. Shortly afterwards (about the year 1814), he was without employment, and threatened with some of the evils of poverty, which were the more alarming, as he had now attached to himself for life a sweetheart from the banks of the Nith, and was the father of several children. At a moment when his pecuniary resources were sunk to almost the lowest ebb, an advertisement of Mr Chantrey, the sculptor, for a superintendent of his workshop or place of business, met the eye of the poet; he applied, and was immediately accepted. This was a situation highly agreeable to Cunningham in all respects, and in none more so than as concerned the character of his employer, which included all that was amiable and respectable. Chantrey modelled the bust or figure in clay, and Cunningham overlooked the artisan who transferred it to marble—wrote letters, paid accounts, and attended to business of all kinds. The friends—for such they became—were useful to each other. In Chantrey's studio, the poet had opportunities of meeting with men of talent of all grades and distinctions; while the artist, in the early part of his career, was not a little indebted to the friendly critiques and encomiums which his assistant scattered through the magazines and newspapers. Cunningham soon became known. Walter Scott was, from the first, certain that he was the author of the pseudo-antique songs in Cromek's work, and Professor Wilson expressed the same opinion, in a paper in Blackwood's Magazine. Allan now wrote a series of tales for Blackwood—was a contributor also to the London Magazine—and published two volumes of "Traditional Tales," and a dramatic poem called "Sir Marmaduke Maxwell." There was genius in all he did, but it was wild and undisciplined—diffuse in style, and improbable in fable. He also threw off some novels—edited a collection of Scottish songs—and wrote a copious and manly memoir of Burns. Sir Walter Scott honoured him with a flattering notice in the introduction to the "Fortunes of Nigel," and thus, as Cunningham remarked, "gave his name to fame." The atmosphere of art in which he now breathed, imparted a new tone to his tastes, and he set to describing picture galleries, and writing memoirs of eminent painters, sculptors, and architects. These lives were published in five volumes, in "Murray's Family Library," (1829), and are by far the best of his prose compositions. The style is free and vigorous, the narrative lively, and the reflections interspersed throughout the work marked by originality and penetration. His attainments in the fine arts are perhaps a more remarkable feature in his history than his early ballad strains.

He made but one more effort in verse, by the publication, in 1832, of "The Maid of Elvar," a poem in twelve parts, founded on a Dumfriesshire story of the sixteenth century. This poem is in the Spenserian stanza, and more carefully elaborated than almost any other of his works. It is thus closed:—

My song is ended: may my country see
Order and beauty in my rude design:—
My song is ended: I have poured it free:
May they who read it deem its roughest line
Tastes of fresh nature like well-flavoured wine.
My song is ended: it was long to me
As light to morn—as morn to Solway brine—
As showers to corn—as blossoms to the bee;
And dower since, dear wife, 'twere pleasant unto thee.

But in literary matters, it often happens that that which is most studiously toiled for is most disappointing, and the "Maid of Elvar" fell almost still-born from the press.

All this time, Mr Cunningham was attending to his daily duties in Chantrey's establishment. He was engaged there from six in the morning till six in the afternoon—often later; and in the evenings he poured out his mind on paper with the regularity and never-failing copiousness of a machine. His little study in Holgrave Place might truly be denominated his forge, the name by which Sir Walter Scott used at one time playfully to designate the apartment in which he wrote. The result of this industry was seen in the increased comfort and importance of the poet's household—in his well-filled library—and his daily extending reputation and acquaintance. He was familiar with almost every person eminent in art and litera-

ture. His conversation was rich, various, and full of anecdote. There is a dark, as well as a bright side, however, to the distinction conferred by such unremitting exertion. The daily business of the sculptor's establishment was full occupation for any man ordinarily constituted, or even for one more robust than the average, and the literary labours pursued at night were so much over and above what a due regard to health would have sanctioned. The industry and self-denial were admirable, and the glory was precious to a poet's soul; but nature's institutions are not to be outraged in vain, even by those who seem her favourite children. Here it may be remarked, that, while Allan Cunningham had made wonderful acquirements in the criticism of both literature and art, he had advanced less in more solid pursuits: he knew nature only in her external beauty and expression, not in those mysteries by which she leads us to contemplate the perfections of her own Author. The remark has often painfully occurred to us, that a slight knowledge of what modern science has elicited on the subject of mind—what, unfortunately, he and many like him only deem fit matter for ridicule—would have, in all probability, saved him for a hale old age, since it would have made him aware that the brain is no more to be misused with impunity than any other organ of the system. The consequence of his extreme labours—his being a man of business by day and an author by night—was, that, about three years ago, paralysis paid him a premature visit. The week after Sir Francis Chantrey had been struck on one side of his body, Allan was struck on the other; and thus, as the latter used to remark, with a melancholy smile, they made but one man between them, and that a damaged one. Both partially recovered: the intellectual power remaining uninjured, they were able once more to attend to business, and even to enter into society; but they never appeared quite the same men they had been. Even in gay society, Allan bore a sad and still expression affecting to look upon, and the flow of cheerful anecdote and remark for which he used to be remarkable, was gone.

In November 1841, Sir Francis sunk under another attack, leaving Cunningham intrusted with the duty of winding up the affairs of his studio, and bequeathing a handsome annuity to him and his wife conjointly, a tribute by no means more than deserved, seeing how much of the best of his life he had given to the testator. Allan was then engaged in writing a memoir of his friend, Sir David Wilkie, and this task he had brought to a conclusion, when death stepped in to claim his part.

Allan Cunningham left, besides his excellent widow, three sons and a daughter, all grown up. Two of the former were provided for many years ago by appointments in India. The other, Peter, who has a government situation, has already shown an aptitude for the pursuits of his father. His acquirements in our literary history pointed him out lately to Mr Murray, as a fit editor of "Campbell's Specimens of English Poetry." The life of Allan Cunningham affords excellent lessons, but of an opposite kind; it shows a man of talent and pure worth rising to distinction through many difficulties, and thus may nerve the minds of many who sigh, as he once did, for distinction; and it warns against that excessive application to mental labour, which, though an error that leans to virtue's side, is scarcely less fatal to genius in these days, than were dissipation and vice in the days of our fathers.* A further specimen—a very beautiful one—of the poetry of Cunningham is here appended.

THE TOWN CHILD AND THE COUNTRY CHILD.

CHILD of the country! free as air
Art thou, and as the sunshine fair;
Born, like the lily, where the dew
Lies odorous when the day is new;
Fed 'mid the May-flowers like the bee,
Nursed to sweet music on the knee,
Lull'd in the breast to that glad tune
Which winds make 'mong the woods of June;
I sing of thee: 'tis sweet to sing
Of such a fair and gladsome thing.
Child of the town! for thee I sigh:
A gilded roof's thy golden sky,
A carpet is thy daisied sod,
A narrow street thy boundless road,
Thy rushing deer's the clattering tramp
Of watchmen, thy best light 's a lamp;
Through smoke, and not through trellis'd vines
And blooming trees, thy sunbeam shines—
I sing of thee in sadness: where
Else is wreck wrought in aught so fair?
Child of the country! thy small feet
Tread on strawberries red and sweet;
With thee I wander forth to see
The flowers which most delight the bee;
The bush o'er which the throstle sung
In April, while she nursed her young;
The den beneath the sloe-thorn, where
She bred her twins, the timorous hare;
The knoll, wrought o'er with wild bluebells,
Where brown bees build their balmy cells;
The greenwood stream, the shady pool,
Where trouts leap when the day is cool;
The ash's nest, that seems to be
A portion of the sheltering tree;
And other marvels, which my verse
Can find no language to rehearse.
Child of the town! for thee, alas!
Glad nature spreads her flowers not grass;

* In the above memoir, we have introduced a few passages from a sketch published in the *Zetland Courier*.

Birds build no nests, nor in the sun
Glad streams come singing as they run:
A maypole is thy blossom'd tree,
A beetle is thy murmuring bee;
Thy bird is caged, thy dove is where
Thy poulterer dwells, beside thy hare;
Thy fruit is pluck'd, and by the pound
Hawk'd clamorous all the city round;
No roses, twinborn on the stalk,
Perfume thee in thy evening walk;
No voice of birds—but to thee comes
The mingled din of cars and drums,
And startling cries, such as are rife
When wine and wassail waken strife.

Child of the country! on the lawn
I see thee like the bounding fawn;
Blithe as the bird which tries its wing
The first time on the winds of spring;
Bright as the sun, when from the cloud
He comes as cocks are crowing loud;
Now running, shouting, 'mid sunbeams,
Now groping trouts in lucid streams,
Now spinning like a mill-wheel, round,
Now hunting echo's empty sound,
Now climbing up some old tall tree
For climbing's sake. 'Tis sweet to thee
To sit where birds can sit alone,
Or share with thee thy venturesome throne.

Child of the town and bustling street,
What woes and snares await thy feet!
Thy paths are paved for five long miles,
Thy groves and hills are peaks and tiles;
Thy fragrant air is yon thick smoke,
Which shrouds thee like a mourning cloak;
And thou art cabin'd and confined
At once from sun, and dew, and wind;
Or set thy tottering feet but on
Thy lengthen'd walks of slippery stone,
The coachman there careering reels
With goaded steeds and maddening wheels;
And commerce pours each poring son
In pelf's pursuit and hollow run.
While, flushed with wine, and stung at play,
Men rush from darkness into day,
The stream's too strong for thy small bark;
There nought can sail save what is stark.

Fly from the town, sweet child! for health
Is happiness, and strength, and wealth.
There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower:
On every herb on which you tread
Are written words which, rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod,
To hope, and holiness, and God.

A VOICE FROM THE PAST.

It is certain that the mode of settling disputes by sound arguments is superseding that of deciding them by hard blows. Right used to have its knight-errand and mailed champions, who vicariously, or in their own vindication, entered the lists in defence of truth and justice. Men discuss more and fight less, and the club and the spear have yielded to the pen and the tongue. As supply follows demand, so this second reign of Saturn has called into action a class of combatants different from those who signalled the age of physical force. It is not Theseus or Hercules, Guy of Warwick, Amadis de Gaul, or the noble Cid, whose aid the injured seek, but certain braves, denominated gentlemen of the press, who do not use missiles that kill the body, but discharge volleys of paragraphs, aimed often with deadly effect at the ethereal part of the oppressive foe. Columns of words, not of warriors, fill the arena; reasons, not battalions, are placed in hostile array; interests are weighed, not armour or weapons of mortal strife; and the public voice, not the thunder of the battering-ram or arquebus, proclaims, in harmonious concord, and without appeal, on which side is the right, that of the victor or the vanquished.

Reflecting on this great change, this superseding of force by intellect, the thought naturally arises, whether many of the corporal struggles of these latter days have not been wasted efforts; whether they have secured a single object which might not and would have been attained by the quiet diffusion of intelligence. France offers on this question a very pertinent illustration. Here she is, after swinging over the fiery gulf for half a century, reposing under a Bourbon, under a constitutional prince, under a representative legislature, under responsible ministers, and under a responsible judicial administration. These are nearly the limits which the Constituent Assembly of 1789 assigned to her, and which the science of the period indicated as her legitimate boundary. All efforts to force her beyond this, apparently her natural position, have proved nugatory. The military glories of the empire were illusive; the alarm and slaughter of her Reign of Terror were fruitless of abiding results. Both fill pages of deep interest in her annals, but the interest arises more from the wildness and stirring character of the incidents, than any lasting influence they have exerted on the progress of the community. They were, in truth, surpluses—a noisy but needless accompaniment in the development of her chief drama; and it may be doubted whether they either averted or essentially altered any of the fixed conditions to which our neighbours seem do-

lined. They lacked steady support in the general taste and sentiment; and, like a pendulum, without sustaining power, the impulses, though violent, of necessity ultimately ceased. France, through all the vicissitudes of her civil convulsions, has been seeking a resting-place, and that place seems marked for her, as for every other community, by the weal and knowledge of her people.

Anterior to the burst of the French Revolution, great meliorations were in progress in the chief European states, under the quiet influence of a long peace and inquiring spirit. Whether that event tended to arrest or accelerate their march is a problem unsuited to our pages to investigate. But it is certain that violence never made such illustrious and influential converts as were made by reason and philosophy. Under the auspices of the chief continental sovereigns, and those of the vast body of men of letters whom they patronised, the character of European society had been changed, partly in its outward forms, in its institutions, laws, and usages, but more in its inward spirit and substance. The influence of a powerful priesthood had been circumscribed; the Jesuits driven out; the monastic orders greatly reduced in number; and the flames of religious persecution quenched in their ashes. The odious practice of judicial torture had been abolished in Germany in 1776 by Joseph II., and his example was soon after followed by his brother Leopold in Italy. The Spanish Inquisition had been rendered almost innoxious—its last victim being an unfortunate woman at Seville, who, in 1781, was burnt alive for a crime which was absolutely supernatural. In Hungary, Bohemia, and Russia, personal slavery was being gradually alleviated. Agriculture was promoted, and the pursuits of commerce no longer esteemed degrading. Artificial distinctions and titles of honour had still a ceremonious precedence allowed them in private life; but the nobility indulged as little in supercilious pride and exclusiveness as in the barbaric pomp of their feudal predecessors. In competition with the more intrinsic realities of industry, historical recollections had abated of their pride of place; and whatever prescriptive rights might remain to the privileged orders, they formed no impassable barrier to a more equal and kindly intercourse among the different ranks of society.

In our own island, contemporary advances had been made in justice and wholesome policy. There was less selfishness and monopoly; and the conviction had become apparent, that social benefits, to be enduring, must be common, not partial or exclusive. This spirit was evinced in the new treatment adopted towards Ireland—in unfettering her commerce, in giving greater scope and encouragement to her domestic industry, and in treating her, not as a colonial dependency subservient only to the greatness of the parent state, but as a partner having co-equal rights, and alike identified in the general prosperity of the empire. While these and many other encouraging circumstances were occurring, all at once a check was given by the riots of Lord George Gordon. By these fanatical outrages, the metropolis was brought to the brink of destruction. People became alarmed at the evidences of ignorance and violence which these disorders afforded; and before the panic had faded from remembrance, out burst the French Revolution in all its unhappy fury. Altars, thrones, and privileges, were all menaced with destruction. Even private property and persons hardly seemed safe. These fears might be groundless, they might be unreasonable, but they existed, and were the means of uniting all possessed of weight and influence in defence of what was termed peace, law, and order. So great was the panic, that reason was silenced. No talk of meliorations could be listened to, and the slightest approach to imitation of our Gallic neighbours, in the way of change or amendment, was resolutely opposed, as pregnant with undesirable ruin.

The lesson has often been repeated in subsequent domestic history. Inquiry and discussion have been gradually working their way in the public mind, when their fruits have been lost, or indefinitely deferred by some sudden explosion of popular excess or extravagance. Violence always results on itself; unreasonable claims seldom attain their purpose; they only cement and strengthen the power of resistance. These are natural results. If men seek only what is useful, or pertains to them, the common sense and feeling of mankind plead for them, and procure co-operative support; but if they seek that which is hurtful, or compromises antagonist rights, then they either lose adherents, or rouse into activity and combination an insurmountable opposition. From these obvious and commonplace principles, may generally be predicated the success or failure of every public enterprise. We have only to balance conflicting interests—those likely to be benefited, and those likely to be endangered—to arrive at the ultimate issue of the impending struggle.

According to this test may be tried the remarkable popular agitations which followed in quick succession the general peace of 1815; and, descending from national examples to minor illustrations, derived from the conflicts of capital and industry, we shall find further confirmations of our general conclusions in favour of peace, moderation, and respect for mutual rights. The great contest between machinery and manual industry is now almost a century old. It began with the discoveries of Watt, Wyle, and Hargreaves, soon after the accession of

George III. Riots ensued, lives were lost, but opposition was fruitless. Resolutions were drawn up by the chief magistrates and manufacturers, stating that, if the new inventions were not adopted in Lancashire, they would in some other county, or in some other country; so that other people would reap the benefit if they did not. Had the populace been successful in preventing, by tumults, the introduction of the new machinery, it is not likely they could have prevented the introduction of the cheaper commodities it had produced elsewhere. Competition would thus have wrought far more depressive effects on the condition of the spinner and weaver than mechanical ingenuity, and would have involved in its superseding tendency not the operatives only, but their employers, merchants, manufacturers, and tradesmen. This, indeed, is the general law (though we do not recollect to have seen it adverted to before) of all new contrivances for the abridgment of labour. Workmen must meet them either as competitors in the market of labour or as competitors in the market of commodities; in the former case, they may suffer temporary inconvenience, but in the latter both they and their employers are sure to be ruined, with the further disadvantage, that a benefit which science might have conferred on their own town or their own country, is lost without equivalent, and passes to the stranger or foreigner.

A permanent excess in the supply of labour has the same operation on the condition of the workmen as contrivances for its abbreviation. It tends to lower its price, and for this we fear there is no allowable or feasible preventive, except either lessening the redundancy of the commodity in excess, or finding new outlets for its employment. In the work just referred to, the subject is examined in its chief bearings, and many instances given of futile attempts to keep up wages, in the face of an overstocked market of industry, by turn-outs and combinations. Of these, the disastrous results seem mostly to have been either to force trade from places where it was thriving, to stimulate contrivances for superseding skilled occupations, or to entail great pecuniary sacrifices on trade-unionists. The last is a serious and certain consequence, of which there has recently been some bitter experience. In the strikes of late years, there has been expended by the Glasgow cotton-spinners, £47,000; the Manchester cotton-spinners, £375,000; the wool-combers, £100,000; the Leeds mechanics, £137,000. The recent turn-outs in Lancashire must have been far more costly than all these, and yet have ended, we regret to say, without satisfactory results either to men or employers—leaving only to both an augmentation of difficulties to contend against.

The commercial and industrial position of the country seems such as not to need any addition to its perplexities by profitless dissensions. Violence, as we have endeavoured to show, has rarely or ever abated public wrongs; nor is it likely to do so in the existing juncture. It has seldom achieved, but often frustrated or delayed, relief. Discussion and inquiry are the natural resources of a civilized age; and if to these be superadded mutual concession and forbearance, there seems little doubt that both the body politic and the body physical would soon be convalescent.

AN OLD HOUSE IN THE MERSE.

WITHOUT derogating from the interest attached to the more magnificent class of ruins—castles, abbeys, and cathedrals—we often feel that there is as much, or more, associated with the remains of some simple dwelling, at least if it be one which stands in some situation not vulgarising. Even the ruined cottage which we encounter in shooting over some lonely hill-side, is an object which cannot be passed without an effusion of human sympathy, for within its walls hope, fear, joy, and sorrow, have been felt; and we can never forget, what a celebrated living writer has remarked, that the death of every peasant is the fifth act of a tragedy. But I know no object that comes home to the heart with more power, and to which I would more willingly devote a summer's day, than some deserted family residence, which has seen generation after generation flourish and decay, where love has shed its purple light over hearts long buried, where the still sad music of humanity has been heard, but is now silent for ever, where beauty has pined into an early grave, where fiery youth has ripened into sober maturity, where noble minds have been overthrown by sad vicissitudes, where hope deferred has sickened the heart, where the return of the long-absent has shed light and gladness, where age has indulged its recollections of the past, and childhood its bright anticipations of the future, where marriages have been celebrated with song and with dance, where birth-days have been kept with befitting carousals, and where the dead have been carried forth with solemn ceremony, and amidst all the pagantry of woe.

I say this much by way of preface to an account of an old house in the Merse, or lower district of Berwickshire, which, from particular circumstances in my own history, I regard with an unusually lively interest. About six miles above the junction of the Whitadder with the Tweed, on the south side of the former, stands the now uninhabited house of Hutton Hall. It is built on the top of a steep bank, beautifully wooded, between which and the river stretches a large green *laugh*, as a strip of alluvial ground is

called in Scotland. Around this the Whitadder makes one of those windings which occur so frequently in its course, and from which it is supposed to derive its name. Farther up are the woods of Whitehall—another uninhabited house—which in autumn are variegated with the richest hues. In front of the house is a large and beautiful park, containing some of the finest trees in the district, and which has that quiet and venerable look of age more common in English and in Scottish pleasure-grounds. Behind the house, in the bank overhanging the haugh, is an extensive rookery, whose sounds alone now break the silence of a place where, in olden times, a castle stood in feudal pride, and which, in modern days, was enlivened with the sounds of gaiety, and brightened with the smiles of beauty. The visitor, after passing through the well cultivated fields of the Merse, in which industry is at work on every hand, and of which the rich plains and valleys show like so many gardens, is surprised to find himself suddenly in a spot where there is nothing to tell of the present generation, but where everything carries him back to those which have been.

It was a little to the west of the present house that the ancient castle of Hutton Hall stood; and, judging from its situation, it must have been a place of considerable strength. The house has still much of the old border aspect, and part of it was obviously erected at a period when security from hostile attacks was more looked to than comfort or elegance. The part to which we allude is a square tower with frowning battlements, built in that massive style which was necessary for defence against the "Northumbrian pricklers fierce and rude." Whether this was an appendage to the ancient castle, or was erected immediately after its destruction (for of its having seen at least three centuries there can be no doubt), we shall not take upon us to determine. The rest of the house is more modern, and marks the transition period of architecture, as well as of society.

The ancient castle of Hutton Hall was destroyed in the year 1497. It was taken and sacked by the Earl of Surrey, who led the English forces against Perkin Warbeck, when that impudent pretender had inveigled James IV. into a war with England. It is curious to find Ford, in his drama of "Perkin Warbeck," mentioning Hutton Hall, along with several other places in the neighbourhood, in the tirade which he puts into the mouth of Surrey. The orthography of the ingenious Templar is perhaps as correct as could have been expected.

"Can they
Look on the strength of Cunderstee defaced?
The glory of Heydon Hall devastated?—that
Of Edington cast down?—the pile of Fulden
O'erthrown; and this the strongest of their forts,
Old Aytton castle, yielded and demolished,
And yet not peep abroad?"

According to a date which was recently to be seen above the principal door, the present house of Hutton Hall was built in 1573. It is somewhat in the Elizabethan style, though with less architectural embellishment than is to be seen in the old family residences of the south of a similar age. The interior is fitted up in a comparatively modern style, some of the rooms being after the manner of the last century. But the concealments, the narrow and winding stairs, and the involved passages, tell of an earlier period. The kitchen and servants' hall are arched, and present something of a monastic appearance. The principal stair is of stone; but having been worn away by the footsteps of many generations, it has been covered, at an apparently recent period, with plain wood. There is no furniture remaining in the house; and having been uninhabited for several years, it is fast going to decay.

Our readers will remember the Seven Spears of Wedderburn, who are mentioned in the Lay of the Last Minstrel, as having come to the aid of Brankesome against Belted Will Howard and Lord Dacre. To one of these Hutton Hall belonged in former times. Of this we believe there is sufficient evidence furnished by the charter chest of Wedderburn; and above the principal door the arms of the Homes are still to be seen engraved in stone. But of those times there is no tradition preserved with regard to Hutton Hall. Indeed, when we consider that the country all around must have been the scene of many a hard-fought encounter between the rival borderers, it is strange that this kind of lore should be so rare among the people of the neighbourhood. The early period at which systematic agriculture was pursued in this district, and the complete change in the character and habits of the people that in consequence ensued, is the only circumstance that seems adequately to account for the fact. The plough, no less than the loom and the steam-engine, dispels the old stories of prowess and romance.

From the Homes, Hutton Hall was purchased about the beginning of the seventeenth century by the Johnstons of Hilton, whose family seat it was until a few years ago. The first of the family of Hilton was a cadet of the famous house of Annandale. The Johnstons had property in several of the surrounding parishes, and, along with the Homes and Swintons, were the leading gentry of the Merse. During the reigns of Charles II. and James II., they were on the side of the government. At that time Daniel Douglas was minister of Hilton, a man whose memory is still preserved among the people of the neighbourhood. He was a staunch Presbyterian; and tradition tells that his faith was so strong, that he would sow

a Wade's History and Political Philosophy of the Middle and Working Classes, p. 41, Chambers's People's Edition.

chaff, doubting not that wheat would grow. In the small rural church of Hilton, of which the ruins still remain, the congregation had assembled, among whom was Johnston. Douglas was addressing the people; and, perhaps, in preaching to the times, expressed some sentiment which gave offence to Hilton. Suddenly the latter rose from his seat, drew his sword, and marched up to the pulpit. He seized hold of the clergyman, and dragged him down. Douglas was slightly wounded, and some blood was shed. The preacher was filled with indignation, and, giving vent to his feelings on the spot, he prophesied against him the prophecy of Elijah against Ahab—"In the place where thou hast done this, shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine."

Time rolled on; Douglas, getting into trouble with the government, had retired to Holland, and Johnston had forgotten the prophecy. It happened one winter, that the Earl of Home had gone to London, where he tarried long; and his lady, to relieve her solitude, had invited some of her friends to spend the Christmas holidays with her at Hired. Among these were the Laird of Hilton, and his neighbour the Laird of Ninewells—the latter, it may be remarked, was ancestor to the celebrated David Hume. These two were playing one evening at cards with Mr William Home, the earl's brother, and sheriff of the Merse. The sheriff had bad luck; he lost a great deal of money, and he felt as men generally do on such occasions. Some high words passed, reflections were thrown out, and in this humour they separated for the night. Hilton had retired to bed, when suddenly the sheriff entered his room, with a candle in one hand and a drawn sword in the other. He called on the sleeper to rise and give him satisfaction. As Hilton was getting up from his bed, Home ran him through the body with his sword, and gave him several other severe wounds. In the mean time, Ninewells, who slept in an adjoining chamber, hearing the noise, came to see what had happened, but was stabbed by the sheriff as he entered the room, and instantly expired. The murderer, who had horses at command, immediately fled. Johnston lingered for a few days, and died. His remains were put into a temporary coffin, to be conveyed to Hutton Hall for interment. On their way to that place, the persons who were intrusted with them being overtaken by a storm of snow, stopped for a while at Hilton. The coffin, for greater decency, was put into the church, where the men waited until the storm should abate. In a short time, they were surprised to observe blood flowing from the coffin on the ground. The dogs that accompanied them ran forward to the spot, and in spite of all efforts to prevent them, fulfilled the prophecy of Daniel Douglas.

The part of this story which relates to Daniel Douglas and his prophecy rests only on popular tradition; but the murder of Johnston is fully related in a letter written at that period by the steward of Lord Derwentwater to his lordship in London, and has also been particularised in "Law's Memorials." The writer of that work adds the following note:—"Before his death, he [Mr Home, the murderer] is said to have returned to Scotland, smitten with remorse, and anxious to obtain pardon from a near relation of Johnston's, then residing in Edinburgh. This gentleman, in the dusk of the evening, was called forth to the outside stairs of the house, to speak with a stranger muffled up in a cloak. As he proceeded along the passage, the door being open, he recognised the murderer, and immediately drawing his sword, rushed towards him, on which the other nimbly leapt down from the stairs into the street, and was never again seen in Scotland." Lord Fountainhall states, that the unhappy man was killed in the wars abroad. His name has been omitted from the account of the family in the peerage.

The sisters of the last proprietor of Hutton Hall were distinguished beauties in their day, some fifty years ago. There were four of them. One was Mrs Oswald of Auchencruive, the subject of Burns's "Wat ye wha's in yon town?" and of whom a portrait has been introduced into the work entitled "The Land of Burns." Like many ladies of that period, they were distinguished for their equestrian skill, and for their zeal in fox-hunting. Of the true Diana Vernon school, these qualities did not impair their grace, their delicacy, and their wit. They all made good marriages. On the wedding-day of one of them, Lady Baird of Saughton, a tragical incident occurred, which must have thrown a mournful shade over the marriage festivities. The bridegroom had not arrived before the appointed day, and when on the morning he came to the other side of the Whitadder, which it was necessary for him to cross, the river was in flood. To ford it would have been attended with the utmost danger; but the wedding was not to be delayed. A rope was attached to a boat, which was held by persons stationed on the bank. Four domestics of the establishment entered the boat, with directions to shout if there was any danger, when they would be immediately drawn to land. They had rowed to about the middle of the stream, when those on shore imagined that they heard the signal which they had directed to be made. They pulled the rope; but whether from the force of the stream, or from some other cause, the boat upset, and the four men were drowned. The story is still current in the neighbourhood, as one of the many instances that show how, in the midst of life, we are in death.

Many other tales connected with this old house our space forbids us to narrate; nor can we now describe the popularity which the last proprietors enjoyed in the neighbourhood, their connexions with other distinguished families, and that gradual diminution of their lands, which marks their history like that of so many others of our old gentry. "As is the race of leaves, so is that of men," says the great poet of Greece. The philosopher will acquiesce in the wisdom of that arrangement of the social system by which generation succeeds to generation, and family to family; and he will perceive how necessary the change of property is for maintaining the health and energy of a great and free nation. But however paramount the views of reason and utility ought to be in such considerations, there are feelings of melancholy interest connected with particular instances, which it is good to cherish. Thus, amidst the "glory of Heydon Hall devastated," and the desolate beauty of its grey walls and neglected park, whence have passed for ever the warlike prowess of the Homes, and the gaiety and elegance of the Johnstons, it is well to reflect that families, no less than individuals, have here no continuing city or place of abode. And salutary thoughts will be suggested by the contrast between the changes of many-coloured life which such a spot has seen, and the goodly spectacle still presented by its noble trees, its green fields, and its beautiful river. But it is needless, in the vein of sentimentalism, to regret the barbaric splendour of the feudal times, or the one-sided civilisation of the ages that followed. The one and the other have passed away, never to return. Ancient families may fall, splendid houses may sink into ruins, and the cherished memorials of the past may yield to the plastic influence of the spirit of the times; but the spread of knowledge among the people, the social progress of the great mass of the community, commercial enterprise, manufacturing skill, wise and salutary laws, science, art, and peace—these form the glory of our age, and the earnest of still brighter days.

IMPORTATION OF FOREIGN LEECHES INTO ENGLAND.

[From the Medical Times, November 19.]

It is not generally known, that the leech trade is one of very great extent in this country, and few people are aware from whence this most useful amphibious animal is procured, to supply the great demand that is made for it by private patients, as well as the public medical institutions that abound in this metropolis, and throughout Great Britain. In former years, Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, and other fenny counties, were able to supply the demand; but since the letting of blood by means of the lancet has been partially exchanged for the more efficacious application of the leech to the injured parts, they have been entirely exhausted. At the conclusion of the peace with France, in 1815, several dealers and speculators visited Paris, where they found leeches were easily to be obtained, and at a moderate price. The herbalists and apothecaries who supplied the hospitals, used then to purchase them in small quantities from the conductors of the Diligences coming from Niort, Tours, Orleans, St Quentin, and other parts of the interior, not as an article of commerce, but only sufficiently to meet their demands. The arrival of Englishmen in the French capital soon excited their suspicions that money was to be made; and the conductors were soon on the *qui vive*, that they might make a good market with John Bull. At that time they charged only 10 or 12 francs per thousand, leaving themselves a good profit, as they were able to procure them from the peasantry at 5 or 6 francs. There are various species of leech—the grey or *sanguinea grisea*, commonly called the speckled, the green, and the black. The first was the only one much in use, being the same species as that formerly caught in England, although the green are equally as good; but the bite being more acute than the speckled, there was a prejudice against them. The black, or horse leech, was strongly deprecated by medical men, as it is considered rather venomous, and sure to cause inflammation: that species is never used either in England or France. The demand from 1815 to 1823 for the London market was, on an average, annually from 3,000,000 to 10,000,000. This increased call soon made the French conductors and dealers turn the leech into an important article of commerce. From 15 francs they gradually rose to 25, 30, 40, 50, 100, and, at last, by their becoming exhausted throughout the whole country, to 200 francs. The departments that, in 1815, were so abundant in leeches, are now dried up, and the French themselves are obliged to import them from other countries, so as to meet the demand for their own consumption. The great cause of this annihilation of the species, is the over-eagerness of the fishermen to take them, whereby millions were destroyed before they came to a state of puberty, being only *cocoon*, or *spaw*. Such has been the profit in the leech business, that many of the Paris conductors and petty apothecaries, who had but a few hundred francs, are now independent men, and extensive proprietors, worth L.20,000 to L.30,000 in funded and landed property. The deficiency in the supply of the leech made the London dealers turn their attention to Hamburg, where it was found a great traffic in this useful creature was carried on to a very great extent by the Jews: it is, therefore, from that commercial city that the English market is now supplied through the expeditions communication by steam. The Hamburg merchants procure them at a great expense (as the mortality is very considerable) from Hungary, Poland, Wallachia, and the borders of Turkey; but it is expected that the species will, in a few years hence, be entirely exhausted throughout Europe. They are caught in Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, and Italy, but of the green species only, and of so very sickly a constitution,

that they will not support the fatigue of a journey to any distance, although they are well packed in wet canvas bags filled with moistened moss. Such is the scarcity of the speckled leech, that it is with difficulty they are now procured; and although there has been for years a prejudice against the green, they are the only species that can now be obtained, and that at an enormous price, being sold in the London market at L.8 per thousand, when they formerly could be purchased for 10s. and 12s. This high price, added to the scarcity, has caused a most astonishing falling off in the demand; and on an average, the annual importation from Hamburg and Paris is not more than 3,000,000 to 4,000,000—as the hospitals and other institutions are only enabled to use them but in cases of the greatest necessity, where bleeding by the lancet would not be so efficacious. Nothing can be of more general use than the leech in a surgical point of view, as it can be applied with the greatest safety to the parts affected, and it is deeply to be lamented that it is so near becoming extinct. The mode of taking the leech used to give employment to thousands of men, women, and children, who entered with their bare legs into the gentle running streams, and disturbing the water with a stick, these blood-suckers soon attached themselves to their bleeding legs, when they were instantly placed into jars. Many attempts have been made to propagate them in *reservoirs*, but without effect, as they will not breed except in marshy grounds and undisturbed running waters. The mortality among the peasantry who are engaged in the leech fishery is very great; not so much from the constant loss of blood, but the effects of exposure in the unhealthy swamps, thereby causing agues and premature death.

BURYING ALIVE.

Not many years since, in St Petersburg, a young nobleman who had squandered his fortune found his sister, to whom he had applied to relieve his wants, not in the least inclined to sacrifice her patrimony to his taste for dissipation. As he considered himself her heir, he determined to destroy her, and, with this view, found means to give her a draught, which was probably intended to kill, but only produced a deep sleep. The news, through his means, being publicly circulated that she was dead, he prepared, with all the external show of the deepest sorrow, for her interment. The arrangements being completed, the corpse, as is the custom, was placed upon the altar, and the priest was already in the act of pronouncing the last blessing, when one of her friends, who was passing through the place, and had been informed of her death, went into the church with the intention of pressing one farewell kiss on her cheek previous to the interment. Hastening to the coffin, she seized her hand, and found it rather flaccid, but not rigid. She then touched her cheek, and imagined that she felt some natural warmth on it. She therefore desired that the ceremony should be postponed, to try if her friend might not be recalled to life; but her request was refused, and neither the brother nor the priest would listen to her solicitations, but, on the contrary, ridiculed her suggestions, and treated her as an insane person. In the hurry of her feelings, and in the anxiety of the moment, she hastily threw herself into her carriage, and drove to the neighbouring seat of government. Here she found a hearing, proper persons were appointed to accompany her to investigate the affair, and she returned back with all convenient speed. But the lady had been buried from the day before, and the inhuman brother had already taken possession of her property, while there were hosts of priests and crowds of sordid witnesses ready to attest that the unfortunate woman was really dead; and as among the Russians it is accounted heinous impiety to disinter a corpse, the desire of the generous friend to satisfy herself, by ocular demonstration, of the truth or falsehood of her suspicions, for a long time experienced the most violent opposition. At length, from some circumstances which transpired, the commissioners of inquiry conceived some suspicion of the case, and determined on opening the grave, when it was discovered that the lady had been buried alive, as her face was much lacerated, and impressions of her nails were found on the coffin-lid. The brother and a priest were then taken into custody, confessed their crime, and underwent the punishment they so richly deserved.—*Binas on Sleep.*

OTHER IRONS IN THE FIRE.

Mrs B— desired Dr Johnson to give his opinion of a new work she had just written; adding, that, if it would not do, she begged him to tell her, for she had other *irons in the fire*, and in case of its not being likely to succeed, she could bring out something else. "Then," said the doctor, after having turned over a few of the leaves, "I advise you, madam, to put it where your other *irons* are."

A NEW USE FOR SLAVE-SHIPS.

It is a fact, which must be gratifying to every individual who rejoices at the downfall of slavery, that out of twenty-six Wesleyan chapels in Sierra Leone, the roof-timbers, the flooring, and other wood-work of twenty is composed nearly exclusively of slave ships, which have been taken by her majesty's men-of-war on the coast, and condemned by the Mixed Commission Court.—*Sierra Leone Watchman.*

COHN-STALK MOLASSES.

By taking off the ear of corn early, the farmers in Indiana (America) are enabled to make molasses from the corn-stalk in considerable quantities—two gallons from eight of juice. They are about to try the experiment for sugar.—*Literary Gazette.*

Column for the Boys.

A YOUNG HERO.

ABOUT eighty years ago, there lived a little boy in Ireland, of the name of Volney Beckner, whose heroic conduct deserves to be commemorated, as a model for young persons. Volney was born at Londonderry, in 1748; his father having been a fisherman of that place, and so poor, that he did not possess the means of giving his son a regular school education. What young Volney lost in this respect was in some measure compensated by his father's instructions at home. These instructions chiefly referred to a sea-faring life, in which generosity of disposition, courage in encountering difficulties, and a readiness of resource on all occasions, are the well-known characteristics. While yet a mere baby, his father taught him to move and guide himself in the middle of the waves, even when they were most agitated. He used to throw him from the stern of his boat into the sea, and encourage him to sustain himself by swimming, and only when he appeared to be sinking, did he plunge in to his aid. In this way young Volney Beckner, from his very cradle, was taught to brave the dangers of the sea, in which, in time, he moved with the greatest ease and confidence. At four years of age, he was able to swim a distance of three or four miles after his father's vessel, which he would not enter till completely fatigued; he would then catch a rope which was thrown to him, and, clinging to it, mount safely to the deck.

When Volney was about nine years of age, he was placed apprentice to a merchant ship, in which his father appears to have sometimes sailed, and in this situation he rendered himself exceedingly useful. In tempestuous weather, when the wind blew with violence, tore the sails, and made the timbers creak, and while the rain fell in torrents, he was not the last in manœuvring. The squirrel does not clamber with more agility over the loftiest trees than did Volney along the stays and sail-yards. When he was at the top of the highest mast, even in the fiercest storm, he appeared as little agitated as a passenger stretched on a hammock. The little fellow, also, was regardless of ordinary toils and privations. To be fed with biscuit broken with a hatchet, sparingly moistened with muddy water full of worms, to be half covered with a garment of coarse cloth, to take some hours of repose stretched on a plank, and to be suddenly awakened at the moment when his sleep was the soundest; such was the life of Volney, and yet he enjoyed a robust constitution. He never caught cold, he never knew fears, or any of the diseases springing from pampered appetites or idleness.

Such was the cleverness, the good temper, and the trust-worthy of Volney Beckner, that, at his twelfth year, he was judged worthy of promotion in the vessel, and of receiving double his former pay. The captain of the ship on board which he served, cited him as a model to the other boys. He did not even fear to say once, in the presence of his whole crew, "If this little man continues to conduct himself with so much valour and prudence, I have no doubt of his obtaining a place much above that which I occupy." Little Volney was very sensible to the praises that he so well deserved. Although deprived of the advantages of a liberal education, the general instructions he had received, and his own experience, had opened his mind, and he aspired, by his conduct, to win the esteem and affection of those about him. He was always ready and willing to assist his fellow-sailors, and by his extraordinary activity saved them in many dangerous emergencies. An occasion at length arrived, in which the young sailor had an opportunity of performing one of the most gallant actions on record.

The vessel to which Volney belonged was bound to Port-au-Prince, in France, and this voyage his father was on board. Among the passengers was a little girl, daughter of a rich American merchant; she had slipped away from her nurse, who was ill and taking some repose in the cabin, and ran upon deck. There, while she gazed on the wide world of waters around, a sudden heaving of the ship caused her to become dizzy, and she fell over the side of the vessel into the sea. The father of Volney, perceiving the accident, darted after her, and in five or six strokes he caught her by the frock. Whilst he swam with one hand to regain the vessel, and with the other held the child close to his breast, Beckner perceived, at a distance, a shark advancing directly towards him. He called out for assistance. The danger was pressing. Every one ran on deck, but no one dared to go farther; they contented themselves with firing off several muskets with little effect; and the animal, lashing the sea with his tail, and opening his frightful jaws, was just about to seize his prey. In this terrible extremity, what strong men would not venture to attempt, filial piety excited a child to execute. Little Volney armed himself with a broad and pointed sabre; he threw himself into the sea; then diving with the velocity of a fish, he slipped under the animal, and stabbed his sword in his body up to the hilt. Thus suddenly assailed, and deeply wounded, the shark quitted the track of his prey, and turned against his assailant, who attacked him with repeated lunges of his weapon. It was a heart-rending spectacle. On one side, the American trembling for his little girl, who seemed devoted to destruction; on the other, a generous mariner exposing his life for a child not his own; and how the whole crew full of breathless anxiety as to the

result of an encounter in which their young shipmate exposed himself to almost inevitable death to direct it from his father!

The combat was too unequal, and no refuge remained but in a speedy retreat. A number of ropes were quickly thrown out to the father and the son, and they each succeeded in seizing one. They were hastily drawn up. Already they were several feet above the surface of the water. Already cries of joy were heard: "Here they are, here they are—they are saved!" Alas! no—they were not saved! At least one victim was to be sacrificed to the rest. Enraged at seeing his prey about to escape him, the shark plunged to make a vigorous spring; then issuing from the sea with impetuosity, and darting forward like lightning, with the sharp teeth of his capacious mouth he tore asunder the body of the intrepid and unfortunate boy while suspended in the air. A part of poor little Volney's palpitating and lifeless body was drawn up to the ship, while his father and the fainting child in his arms were saved.

Thus perished, at the age of twelve years and some months, this hopeful young sailor, who so well deserved a better fate. When we reflect on the generous action which he performed, in saving the life of his father, and of a girl who was a stranger to him, at the expense of his own, we are surely entitled to place his name in the very first rank of heroes. But the deed was not alone glorious from its immediate consequences. As an example, it survives to the most distant ages. The present relation of it cannot but animate youth to the commission of generous and praiseworthy actions. When pressed by emergencies, let them cast aside all selfish considerations, and think on the heroism of the Irish sailor boy—Volney Beckner.

GAS LIGHTING.

The Drummond light, the Gurney, or Bude light, and the Boccus light, exclusive of the "Light of All Nations," are the Great Lights of the Age. The first is the oxygen, the union of oxygen and hydrogen gas on lime, and at a very high temperature. The second is the oxy-oil, a jet of oxygen being introduced by means of a very peculiarly shaped conical jet into the centre of an ordinary oil-wick flame; this was perfected, we believe, under the auspices of the Trinity Board, having been intended to be used in light-houses; and we have heard it designated to that view by a high authority, as an arrangement affording the greatest possible amount of light in the smallest possible space. The third is a coal-gas light; and of this we make the chief mention. This light, of course, is no recent discovery; it was known so long ago as 1688; but since then, what an increase of knowledge of the properties of coal-gas has been gained, and what great mechanical improvements have been arranged for its combustion! Of the latter character is the Boccus light, or, perhaps, more correctly speaking, the Boccus gas-lamp. The one set up opposite Northumberland House, crowned with ugliness, consists of three ring-burners, large, lesser, and less, perforated so thickly with holes, that the flames form, as it were, three leaves of light; these are protected from the lateral currents of air by a glass screen, and are thrown down and around by a metallic reflector. The illuminating power is very considerable. Contemplating the vast establishments, in the present day, for the manufacture of coal-gas—the numerous improvements for its thorough combustion, mechanical and chemical, of the latter especially—Lowe's naphthalised gas, the perfection of artificial light—we cannot help reverting to the extent of the knowledge of gas and its properties, as mentioned in a letter addressed to the Royal Society, May 12, 1683, by Mr John Clayton, rector of Crofton, at Wakefield, in Yorkshire, and contrasting the bladders of 1688 with the gasometers of 1842. Speaking of the thunder in Virginia, and its dreadful effects, the writer says—"I have been told by very serious planters, that thirty or forty years ago, when the country was not so open as now, the thunder was more fierce; and that sometimes, after violent thunder and rains, the roads would seem to have perfect casts of brimstone; and it is frequent, after much thunder and lightning, for the air to have a perfect sulphureous smell. Duret I offer my weak reasons, when I write to so great masters thereof (meaning the Council of the Society), I should here consider the nature of thunder, and compare it with some sulphureous spirits which I have drawn from coals, that I could no way condense, yet were inflammable; nay, would burn after they passed through water, and that seemingly fiercer, if they were not overpowered therewith. I have kept some of this spirit a considerable time in bladders; and though it appeared as if it were only blown with air, yet if I let it forth, and fired it with a match or candle, it would continue burning until all were spent."—*Derham's Miscel. Curiosa*, vol. iii., p. 290. Mention is further made of gas in another paper, about the year 1691, sent by the same writer to the Royal Society; and we do not remember seeing these remarkable facts mentioned by any writer on the subject.—*Literary Gazette*.

NEW MANUFACTURE OF CLOTH.

At the last meeting of the Society of Arts, a very interesting communication was made on a new process of the manufacture of cloth by felting, in which all the processes formerly effected by manual labour are performed, and cloth of much greater dimensions can be produced. The bat of wool is formed by means of a travelling apron, 37 yards in length, which receives the thin slivers of wool from the carding machines; which process is continued until the slivers are accumulated, one upon another, throughout the whole length of the apron, in sufficient numbers to give the degree of substance necessary for the purpose for which the cloth is intended. The bat is then cut and transferred to a machine called a "hardener," in

which it is made to pass through a series of rollers, by which it is compressed, the felting being effected by an alternating motion of the upper rollers, while the cloth receives the requisite heat and moisture from steam issuing from perforations in pipes placed between the rollers. The cloth, after passing a second time through this machine, is transferred to a third, where it is farther compressed by rollers, which work in a bath of soap and water, by which it is so thoroughly cleansed, that the time required for beating it in the fulling-mill is very short compared with that required for woollen cloth. After these operations, the cloth is susceptible of any degree of finish that may be required, and this by the ordinary methods. The manufacture is peculiarly fitted for carpets, horse-cloths, and such fabrics as pilot coats, and it can be made at a much less cost than woven cloth.—*Newspaper paragraph*.

FRENCH LABOURERS.

From my daily habit of riding or walking through the retired parts of this country, I am, to a certain extent, able to speak of the situation of the labouring poor. It is, in one respect, superior to that of my own countrymen; inasmuch as, should the cow be wanting, the large garden-plot and the pig are pretty general among them. Their wages, it is true, are lower than those of the English labourers; but then their wants are fewer, and thus the account is balanced. They make their articles of food go much farther than an English labourer does; and what they do gain by their daily labour is never wasted in intemperance, but spent on their families, for the real necessities of life. I am told that some of their employers give them cider to drink in harvest; but I confess I have never seen them supplied with it. A French labourer, however, having made his repast of either soup or coffee, is not tormented with thirst, as those of our country are, after eating solid and exciting food. That occasionally the extremities of indigence are to be found in a French labourer's cottage, is too true, and there is much suffering from severe weather; so much so, I am informed, that it is not unusual to see several entire families huddled together in one house, to avail themselves of the animal heat emanating from their own bodies. The children of the labouring poor appear to me to be better dressed than those of our own country.—*Nimrod Abroad*.

THE CROPPING SYSTEM IN FRANCE.

According to the Parisian journals, it appears that the wholesale dealers in human hair have had a most successful harvest this year, not less than 200,000 lb. weight having been procured. Brittany is the province of France in which the traffic is mostly carried on, and all the fairs are regularly attended by purchasers, both male and female. The Breton peasants have particularly fine hair, and generally in great abundance; their beautiful tresses they are perfectly willing to sell; and it is no uncommon sight to see several girls sheared one after the other like sheep, and many others standing ready for the shears, with their caps in their hands, and their long hair combed out and hanging down to their waists. Every successive crop of hair is tied up into a whip by itself, and thrown into a large basket, placed by the side of the operator. The highest value given by these abominable hair-merchants for a fine crop of hair is twenty sous, but the more frequent consideration is a gaudy but trumpery cotton handkerchief, worth about sixteen sous. The profit thus netted by these hairmongers must be enormous.—*Newspaper paragraph*.

NAPOLEON'S COMPASS.

A small compass has lately been offered for sale to the French government by a Chevalier Aurioi, to which a curious history is attached. This little instrument, which is in a plain gilt case, and of English manufacture, was first sent, with other astronomical instruments, to Louis XVI., by a descendant of Sir Isaac Newton. It appears that it was afterwards given by the unfortunate monarch to the Dauphin, who had it with him in prison, and while there gave it to a faithful dependant who had tried to assist him to escape. This party had been at school at Brienne with Napoleon, and accompanied him to Egypt. There he happened to show the little compass to Napoleon, who admired it, and it was accordingly presented to him. Napoleon, on returning to France, and having become emperor, being, as is well-known, superstitious, set great value on the instrument; had the letter "N" and his imperial crown engraved on it, and made use of it in his campaigns, and never parted with it until his captivity in St Helena; and then, either considering it as a useless talisman, or as the best means of acknowledging the disinterested kindness of the party, he presented it to Madame Aurioi. Marshal Soult is now in treaty with the Chevalier d'Aurioi for the purchase of it, with the view of placing this royal and imperial relic among the other objects preserved in the Hotel des Invalides, as having been about the person of Napoleon.—*Newspaper paragraph*.

HUGE WIRE ROPE.

A friend of ours, who has just returned from Antwerp, informs us that he saw landing on the quays there, from a vessel arrived from Newcastle, a huge coil of wire rope, which excited much astonishment. It was stated to be 5300 yards in length, and to weigh twelve tons, and he understood that it had been purchased by the Belgian government for the celebrated inclined plane on the railway from Antwerp to Liege. It is with pleasure that we record this instance of the superiority of British manufacture, as we understand that wire ropes are also manufactured in Belgium, and have only lately been introduced into this country. This rope was made by Messrs Newall and Co. of Gateshead, and is the longest and strongest rope ever made. Mr Newall is a native of Dundee. A rope made for the Glasgow railway, of hemp, is not so long as the one referred to by nearly half a mile.—*Dundee Courier*.

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